

I will Disconnect my Brain

A suicide note by David Rajulkahf

1. - Happiness has been a mystery to me since I was a kid.
 - I thought it is something I would be able to find when I grow up.
 - When I become in the sixth grade—like those tall dudes.
 - Eventually, I became tall but not happy.
2. - What actually happened in the sixth grade is that the tall dudes attacked me.
 - They threw stones, eggs, and tomatoes at me.
 - My sin was being a studious nerd and the teacher's preferred student.
 - I sought shelter in a pharmacy.
 - In that messy pharmacy, I knew that I failed in finding happiness.
 - It was obvious to me that whatever happiness is, it definitely is not a mixture of blood, eggs, and tomato.
3. - Maybe I find happiness in a secondary school, I consoled myself.

- Thus, I deluded myself for a few years until I realized that happiness has nothing to do with schooling.
- This conclusion was not surprising, honestly, for I was not too fond of school anyway.
- So I convinced myself that twenty is a knight on a white charger.

4.
 - Since then, I, literally,
 - Searched for happiness from the equator to the Arctic Circle,
 - Went to forests, jungles, mountains, deserts, and islands,
 - Dug in the desert sand and the north pole snow,
 - Lived in crowded capitals and rural areas,
 - Affluent cities and poor neighborhoods,
 - I found nothing.
5.
 - I traveled by air, land, and sea,
 - Trains and airplanes,
 - Boats and bikes,
 - Buses and cars,
 - Walks and hikes,
 - Nothing!

6.
 - It really is a challenging task to count;
 - The places in which I lived since I was twenty,
 - The religions with which I shared my bed,
 - The nationalities with which I shared my table,
 - The activities I tried,
 - Yet, I found absolutely nothing.

7.
 - I concluded, after lengthy contemplation, that it is not wise to search for happiness alone.
 - I was chatting with a colleague in the office kitchen when it came to my mind that it merely is impossible for me to know everything in the world and to try everything by myself.
 - After all, I am just a tiny nothing lost in a colossal nothingness.
 - I soon realized, however, that every other tiny-trivial-nothing knows nothing within the almighty nothingness.
 - So, I went out of the kitchen with high hopes of joining the human knowledge pool.
 - Happiness must be somewhere in that pool; where else could it be?

8.
 - Trying to find a trick or a hidden code, I read thousands of books, studies, and essays.
 - I engaged myself with countless hours of discussions with people I could never meet in person.
 - This made the search way more sophisticated, costly, and time-consuming.
 - In books, however, I found knowledge.
 - I learned how interesting the experience of living is.
 - I came to know how enjoyable the journey of life *could* be.
 - It did not take me long, though, to realize how sad it is to realize that!
9.
 - How pathetic it is;
 - To be involved in a game,
 - To understand the rules of the game,
 - To master the game,
 - But innately incapable of playing.
10.
 - I used to believe that knowledge is intrinsically good.
 - Now, I know I was very wrong.
11.
 - Reading succeeded in making me obsessively interested

in life ... Only.

12. - I swear to myself that I carefully considered all the tricks and tips of which I became aware.
- I even went beyond that, developing my own.
- Still,
- There is something not working,
- There is a rusty switch not clicking,
- There is a sensor failure somewhere,
- Or all of the above.

13. - I am a drowning man who has been trying to survive for years and years.
- During which I have perceived only two things;
- The buildings of Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer on the horizon,
- And the waves all around me, underneath me, above me, and inside me.
14. - I swim as hard as I can towards the beach.
- Poseidon's horses kick me back; continuous divine kicks on my head.

- Damaging my brain tissues, worsening my lunacy, and losing my fins.
15. - I tried for years to ride one of the horses to meet Our Lady, Star of the Sea.
- Never succeeded.
 - I desperately asked her recently, “my little girl, what, do you think, am I doing wrong?”
 - “Why Poseidon’s horses never stop kicking my forehead?”
 - “What the hell have I done to him?”
 - She replied instantly, calmly, unusually wisely, while putting her demigod to sleep,
 - “Some people just are not meant to be happy, David!”
16. - My little girl is damn right.
- Although she has no idea why she is right,
 - Scientifically and philosophically speaking, she *is* right.
17. - However, whether I am one of those people or not is something she did not specify.
- And to not awake the little Alexander, I did not ask.

18. - Later, Magdalene revealed to me in two words.
- It took her four years of building the courage to say,
- “Your bipolarity, David!”
19. - That was tough to swallow.
- I became terrified.
- Genuinely terrified.
20. - I begged her, “Mary, you know that your hair never touched my foot; please send me a fishing boat.”
- She replied, crying, “Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer has no place for real people.”
- I wondered, “Myriam, you know that I am not real!”
- She sobbed, “My Lord, you are mentally ill.”
21. - I did not reply ... I just wept.
- She did not see my tears.
- Though they were more copious than the waves in which I was drowning.
- *De facto*, the waves *were* my tears.

22. - I am not mentally ill.

- I am a DSM copy in flesh and bones;
- Three personality disorders—one of which is severe;
- Buttressed by a few stupid phobias—such as pocrescophobia and atelophobia;
- Manage a severe bipolar disorder;
- Amalgamate with a couple of anxiety disorders;
- Supported by bulimia nervosa, chronic insomnia, trichotillomania; and
- Cooperate with some other fine fellows in forming a character named David Rajulkahf.

23. - I am the guy who binges and purges for days and water fast for weeks.
- I am the person who does not go to bed for days and remains there for weeks.
- I am the lecturer who jumps on some stages and makes the audience enthusiastic for a couple of hours.
- And from other stages, runs away in panic attacks after a couple of minutes.
- I prevent people from committing suicide, simultaneously planning mine!

24. - I am;
- The depressed-comic,
 - The suicidal-psychologist,
 - The laborer-philosopher,
 - The student-teacher,
 - The patient-physician,
 - The retarded-genius,
 - The ignorant-scientist,
 - The author and the reader.

25. - I am;
- The deaf-musician,
 - The mute-talkative.
 - The blind-painter,
 - The paralyzed-artist,
 - The civilized-caveman.

26. - I am;
- Twain and Dostoevsky,
 - Russell and Nietzsche,
 - Darwin and Rousseau,
 - Chopin and Zappa,

- Raphael and Pollock,
 - Socrates and the pig.
27. - I am here and there.
- And I am nowhere.
 - And I am nobody.
 - Not even me.
 - For there is no me.
28. - There has never been me.
- There has been a sort of self-awareness that emerged out of an orgasm—hopefully two orgasms.
 - Which spent more than a billion seconds trying to understand what the fuck is going on.
 - No more ... No less.
29. - Now I know what the fuck is going on.
- And I know what I should do about it.
30. - I should do what I always knew I must do.
- I should do what I always knew I would do.
 - I should do what I always dreamed of doing.
 - I should do what I should have done a long time ago.

- I should disconnect my brain.
- 31. - It is unfixable.
 - It is ridiculous to keep trying.
- 32. - As a matter of fact, I spent thirty-four years trying to disable a built-in self-destruct mechanism.
 - Technically, I did not live a life.
 - I lived dying.
 - I suffered living dying.
- 33. - I only experienced slow and painful enduring brain collapses while the earth is rotating carelessly.
 - I can not say it was a pleasant journey.
 - No, not at all.
 - The puffs of pleasure I could perceive in those years do not worth the pain I paid for them.
- 34. - It is a losing trade, and I am a stupid losing trader should I not shut down the business.
 - It is a business I did not establish.
 - It is a game I did not conduct.
 - I am a terrible player, and I want to participate in this

game no more.

35. I, indeed, prefer it if I did not come to know about the existence of existence.
- Yet, I tried everything I could think of to enjoy the ride.
 - I shamefully failed.
36. - Who can go back in time to inform that depressed kid that he will never become a good player?
- To explain to him that nothing ever is going to make it.
 - That he will remain the same miserable kid even when he will reach his mid-thirties.
 - That his pain, sickness, sadness, and loneliness are what will grow up ... Not him.
37. - He must have learned that knowledge, freedom, religions, riding, driving, marriage, fatherhood, divorce, study, work, travel, sex, money, drugs, academic degrees, recognition, fame, writing books, playing musical instruments, becoming a multilingual person; living a simple life, a luxury life, a business life, an academic life,

and so forth are mere mirages.

- And that even Jesus can not turn mirages to water.

38. - I see the child sitting alone on a sofa in his grandma's bedroom.

- With an awful migraine.

- Dreaming.

39. - I wish I could tell him that none of the doctors he is visiting will cure his headache.

- Neither the green magic paper that has a horrible smell that his aunt tightened up will work for him.

- Nor the funky cyan incantation that the family wrote for him.

- Nor the funny meaningless sentences that he struggled to memorize.

- Not even the book that he bought when he attempted to get, by himself, to the bottom of what is going on inside his skull.

40. - I just want to tell him that he has severe mental illnesses.

- That his brain is incapable of perceiving happiness.

- I want to warn him that a blind person only harms

themselves should they run in the streets searching for a light.

41. - I see that adolescent unable to sleep, severely depressed, anxious,
- Dreaming.
- I wish I could tell him that his dreams are ... Dreams.
- I want to teach him that happiness is not an objective.
- That seeking happiness is like seeking yourself ... You will never find it out there.
42. - I see that young man sitting in his office counting down the days for his suicide attempt on his desk calendar.
- Dreaming.
- I wish I could sit with him and tell him that those dreams are ... Dreams.
- Illusions.
43. - I want to tell him, “you do not live to be happy, young man. You either live happily or not.
- “Your happiness exists, or not, within your skull.
- “Pretty much like all other feelings you are capable of experiencing.”

44. - I see that sick older man sitting in his black king-size bed.
- Sad, miserable, and lonely.
 - Unable to dream.
 - Thinking that he wishes he could tell me to be smart for one time in my existence.
 - He is mad at me because he knows that I know that;
 - Not to be, definitely, is better than to be.
 - No question about it!

45. - How sarcastic it is to live all my life depressed and end it manic!
- Although I almost always had no doubts that I will end my life by committing suicide, I have never thought it will be this way, in those circumstances, nor at this time.
 - I am massively disappointed.
46. - I lived my life, literally, trying to prevent myself from ending it.
- I mentioned above that I gave it all.
 - And that I did everything I thought would help in that

regard.

- Obviously, in vain.

47. - I need not mention all my previous attempts nor all the hospitalizations I enjoyed,

- But I want to make something crystal clear;

- I am by no means disconnecting my brain due to spiritual emptiness or any sort of that nonsense.

- My atheism, utilitarianism, hedonism, veganism, antinatalism, positive nihilism, cosmopolitanism, and all other *isms* for which I am known have absolutely nothing to do with my desire to end my life experience.

- In fact, to the contrary, it might be the case that those who do not share my *isms* have an influence.

48. - It is all related to how the events of my life went;

- My welfare is going from bad to worse,

- My brain is collapsing severely rather than recovering,

- Which keeps destroying my well-being rather than improving it.

49. - My life reached a point of devastation that it had never

reached before.

- The chain of events does not even give me any chance to recover between them.

- The domino effect is going too fast and still accelerating.

- In this year, I could finally see, by my naked eye, the light at the end of the tunnel;

- It is the incandescent light bulb of the buffer stop.

- The crash is inevitable.

50. - The amount of damage had been done to my brain and to my life in the last period is really, really, severe.

- There is no point at all in keep going.

- The guy who shall continue this journey is not me.

- And I am not interested in getting to know him.

- He is not someone I look up to.

- Nor even presumably like.

- I do not see him happy nor that he has much potential; I am afraid to say.

- I fail to find any convincing reason to experience his life.

51. - Morally speaking, it seems to me that I am wronging if I let this dude suffer his predestination, giving all the

information in hand—which is in no one else’s hand.

- No one but I can see the whole picture.
- Because no one knows everything about me and my life.
- Different people know different things.
- But not a single person knows everything.

52. - Maybe an official comprehensive lengthy investigation would come close.

- Until that happens, if it ever happened, I will be the only one who knows how and why I finally put an end to my existence.
- I will not be there to confirm such findings.
- Keep in mind, nevertheless, that obtaining information is one thing;
- Interpreting them is yet another.

53. - How easy it is to grab some information and say, “if I were David, I would have done this and that instead.”

- Well, luckily for you;
- You do not have my brain.
- You do not perceive reality the way I do.
- You are not in my shoes nor wearing my glasses.

- You can not feel what I feel.
- You have not experienced my suffering.
- You have not been through what I have been through.
- You will never come to know what I know.
- You are not me.
- And you can not be me.
- So shut the fuck up and propose a toast!

54. - I am not glad that I am the toast.
- I am not sad that I am not sharing the toast.
55. - I am sad that;
- A lot of people love me, but I have never loved myself.
- Many people think I am intelligent, but I know how stupid I am.
- My brain generates positive utility to others and negative utility to me.
- My brain refuses to generate any positive utility to me.
- My brain refuses to stop generating negative utility to me.

56. - I improved so many lives but systematically destroyed mine.
- I made so many successful players, and I ain't find the ball.
- I maintained tens of families, but I could not build one of my own.
- I helped an awful lot of people for free,
- But I failed in helping myself despite all the expenses.
- I saved lots of lives ... But not mine.
- That *is* sad.
57. - I am sad that I will not share more of my ideas,
- My thoughts and visions,
- My philosophical theories,
- The enormous amount of nerdy sophisticated hard work for years that I did not share with others,
- Well, if the adjective *sad* means anything at all, that *is* sad.
58. - I did have high hopes.
- Now, I am incredibly disappointed with how things went.

- I am not sad ... No. I am disappointed.
- Yes, this is the correct adjective.
- I am very disappointed.
- Which *is* sad.

59. - For all those who rudely conjecture about suicide.
- Assert that suicide is a sign of weakness.
 - That it is a permanent solution to a temporary problem.
 - That it is *the* elementary sin.
 - That it is unethical, absurd, and selfish.
 - Or any other discourteous, disrespectful bullshit.
 - I tell you what suicide is.
 - Suicide is FUCK YOU.
60. - If there is anything unethical, absurd, and selfish,
- That would be bringing a sentient being into existence.
 - That *is the* elementary sin.
 - Pull out, for fuck's sake.
 - Do not create permanent suffering to solve your temporary problem, you selfish idiots!
 - Then, when one attempts to fix the problem that you

induced, you blackguard them.

- I can not think of more discourtesy.

61. - The very first thing I felt when my consciousness emerged into existence was choking.

- Life chokes free spirits.

- I became a slave by being existed.

- Existence is slavery.

- This is why newborns cry.

- This is why I cried.

- This is why I spent my life crying.

- I am inherently choked up.

62. - I am no slave.

- But I am a slave.

- I am just an awareness of a state of slavery.

- I do not even know how I became aware of that.

- I sometimes wish I did not.

- Still, it is totally out of my hands.

- I could/can do absolutely nothing about it.

- It is the universe's plan.

- I am just an innocent victim.
- 63.
- I am fed up with others deciding on my behalf;
 - What information to perceive and how to interpret it.
 - What material to read and what not to read.
 - What to study and what not to study.
 - What to smoke and what not to smoke.
 - What to snort and what not to snort.
 - What to drink and what not to drink.
 - Where to stay and where to travel.
 - Where I can sleep and where I can not sleep—and, of course, with whom.
 - What drugs I have to take and what drugs I am not allowed to do.
 - When to wake up and when to sleep.
 - What to do with my time.
 - Controlling my time.
 - Managing my life.
 - Owning my time.
 - Owning my life.
 - Owning me!

64. - I am pissed off with all the absurd paternalism.
- I am disgusted with all the wily nudging.
- I am loathing with all the efforts to engineering my attitudes and decisions.
- If you do not see the above as slavery, then you are deluded with the meaning of slavery.
- If you think you are free, then you have to redefine the word *free*.
65. - You are also fooled by the myth of free will.
- There is no free will, my friend.
- You are no more than a biological robot.
- What is pathetic is that you are programmed to *feel* the exact opposite.
- It is science talking here.
- You are free in solely one thing, that is NOTHING!
- I mean it literally.
66. - I am tired of being guided by fools.
- I am fed up with being under the control of lunatics.
- I can not handle all those primitive politics, greedy economics, and idiotic policies.

67. - I am a mere consciousness that is aware of being enslaved and spent all its existence trying to free itself.
- Because, for me, freedom is a necessary condition for happiness.
 - Thus, all my life activities aimed to achieve freedom.
 - Every single accomplishment in my life is a byproduct.
 - The change that I made to your life is a byproduct of my search for my own freedom.
 - That is a fact.
68. - Along the way, I freed myself from God, religion, government, country, family, money, fashion, libido, and tobacco, among others.
- I also freed myself from the birth name that connects me to other people.
 - I even invented a family name that is exclusive to me.
 - I stand by myself; David Rajulkahf.
 - Just a human being connected equally to all homo sapiens who have ever existed since paleolithic.
69. - Now, it seems to me that I reached the point of freeing myself from the whole game.

- My own freedom has been severely diminished in the past period.
- The effect is irreversible and will remain for years to come.
- This is not a life that a free man accepts.
- I have not been fighting all my life to reach this position.
- No!

70. - Live free or die.
- It is as simple as that.
 - Now, my freedom is massively fucked up.
 - I am not even allowed to smell freedom for years to come.
 - Therefore, I should die.

71. - It draws a smile to my face whenever I think of the fact that I will never regret it.
- This, *per se*, for an OCPD, is a very interestingly bizarre experience.
 - To do something without regression!
 - I will never regret committing suicide.

- How fascinating is this!

72. - I will never miss anyone—I am sorry to say.
- There will be nothing in me to miss anyone of you guys!
- Is not that cool?!

73. - I have not written here for a couple of nights.
- Tonight, I have been in bed for many hours.
- My brain does not shut down.
- A high dose of sleeping pills is doing nothing.
- This is my struggle with chronic insomnia.
74. - I always spend many hours in bed before I finally sleep.
- My brain keeps spinning in my skull faster and faster.
- I think of everything.
- When I wake up, I do not remember any of these ideas, thoughts, decisions, or conclusions.
- It is a shame, for they are usually essential matters.
75. - I am used to remaining awake for many nights in row.
- Not ideal, nor healthy, but, hey, there is nothing ideal nor healthy in my life anyway!

76. - For more than a decade, I only sleep while hallucinating that I am putting a pullet in my head.
- Only after I manage to pull the imaginary trigger, my brain stops spinning, and I sleep peacefully.
77. - I have never held a firearm except once in school.
- Nonetheless, I made my mind on a particular gun to be used.
- I am in love with my pistol.
- All other aspects of shooting my head had been carefully studied for countless hours throughout the years.
78. - Imagine yourself having your brain spinning inside your skull every time you rest your head on a pillow.
- Imagine those obsessive thoughts and hallucinations every single night for years and years.
79. - Sometimes, the spinning keeps accelerating.
- It only is the pullet that crosses my head is what potentially can put an end to this ridiculous spinning.
- This is me after saying, “good night.”
- Every night!
- The *good* nights for me are those in which hunting my

brain happens relatively fast.

80. - Anyway, I am a night person.
- I have been fascinated with nights since I was a child.
- I still remember the first time I was allowed to wait until midnight.
- I was super excited about it.
- I sat staring at the clock.
- The suspense was building.
- The hands slowly reached each other vertically upwards.
- But the day name and number took few more minutes to flip.
81. - I went to bed thinking how on earth it is Wednesday right now, but Tuesday ten minutes ago!
- I used to think that something essential happens.
- I did not know what it might be.
- Yet, it certainly can not merely be the clock hands pointing at number 12 that is written in a beautiful Chinese wooden box with a pendulum that rings every hour the number of that hour!

- That night, I found that midnight is identical to midday—of which I am familiar—except the flipping of the day name and number.
 - Still, what the hell is Wednesday!
82. – A decade later, I had a similar experience at midnight for the year 2000.
- I was already very skeptical about the intrinsic of days and hours.
 - I already came to a conclusion that we can simply replace the weekdays without anything else ever being affected.
 - As an OCPD, I gave it a lot of thinking and studies designing my won calendar.
 - I have never liked the seven days in the weeks nor the weeks-months relation.
 - Not ideal! I always believed.
83. - Anyhow, at that midnight, while the entire world was celebrating, my family was sleeping.
- I was awake alone studying mathematics.
 - I looked out the window from my grandma's living

room, which has an astonishing view of Damascus.

- I looked up at the sky.

- It was beautifully clean black.

- My all-time favorite color!

- The stars were shining as they usually do.

- The moon seems careless about the new millennia.

- Nothing up there, as far as I could see, gives a fuck to all the craziness down here!

- From my grandma's window, everything seems perfectly normal.

84. - This suggested to me that there is nothing called years.

- Precisely as there is nothing called days.

- And that there is no superpower cares for those things.

- The world is not ending at midnight 2000 as the rumors say.

85. - I was so skeptical about the rumors, not because I knew specific facts at the time.

- I reasoned that we already passed the year 1000.

- So there are no convincing reasons not to pass the year 2000.

-If the world shut down at a millennia midnight, it should have done it in the year 1000.

- why 2000?

- why not 3000?

- Or ideally, it should be 10.000!

- I tried to convince my siblings and classmates of that.

- I do not remember my success rate.

86. - I still also recall the first night at which I had no sleep at all.

- I co-built a computer for a relative of mine and spent that night working on the newly built device.

- Programming those days used to consume a lot of time.

87. - This experience taught me two things.

- The first is that I can remain energetic all night long.

- The second is that nights are fascinating.

- They have more to provide than a mere lying in bed, staring at the roof, struggling to sleep for hours!

88. - Some naïfs fall in love at first sight.

- I indeed fell in love on the first night!

89. - Since that night, I became a night man.
- The air is refreshing at night.
 - The hideous cities are fabulously different.
 - Roads are empty.
 - Nibourhods are quiet.
 - Listen to crickets and frogs.
 - And above all, sunrise is more glorious than sunset.
90. - Being awake at night and sleep during the day has advantages, I later discovered.
- One of which is minimizing the shared active hours with all other people around.
 - The less I interact with people, the better off I am.
 - It follows that I am certainly better off dead!

91. - I must state that I have a mixed feeling about my chosen execution method.
- I always wanted to commit suicide as ethically and less painfully as possible.
 - These two significant aspects of my consideration limited my options.

- Which led me to adopt methods that, unfortunately, failed me.

92. - I recently was so close to achieving my dream.

- My glorious firearm.

- One day, God popped up into existence and put me face to face with a gun dealer in a public place.

- I did not miss the chance, and we made the deal on the spot.

- I ordered the very same gun of which I always dreamed.

93. - Although I am a nonsmoker, I sat with the guy smoking a joint, celebrating that, after all those years, my lifetime dream has finally and unexpectedly come true.

- While waiting for the order to arrive, satan came into existence and sent us the police.

94. - The police arrested the guy for possessing weed.

- I went back home, cursing God and satan until they both returned to their nonexistent natural state.

- I was the most disappointed person on the planet that day.

95. - I failed to find any effective method to end my life indoors.
- I apologize for all the unpleasantness or trauma I may cause to anyone.
 - Still, three good things about my invented method kind of make me less disappointed for what satan did earlier.
96. - One of which is its symbolism.
- The second is that I design my death uniquely as I used to design my life uniquely.
 - I invent my execution method the way I invented everything else in my life.
 - That is cool.
97. - Furthermore, there is a possibility that my suicide will grab more attention being done this way rather than traditional indoors suicide.
- This, hopefully, may lead to changes that make the lives of many individuals better-off and presumably save lots of lives.
 - Should that happen, then the potential positive utility is expected to overcome the negative utility I initiated.

- Yet, I sincerely apologize to anyone affected negatively.

98. - I have not written here for many nights.
- Tonight, I slept for ninety minutes only, then my inner demons woke me up.
- They are conquering my brain.
- They urge me to shut it down.
- I also want to shut it down!
- But it is too late now because it is already early morning.
- I shall need to wait.
- Another fucking day of battling with my inner demons.
- You have no idea how painful is this battle.
99. - I indeed do have two people live permanently inside my skull.
- They were born with me.
- Sometimes, they have others for company.
- They are all me, legally.
- But I swear I am non.
- I am a mere spectator.

100. - One dude keeps popping up to convince me not to waste such human capital.
- He supports his arguments with tons of comments and messages I consistently receive.
 - He insists that my investment is capable of giving me a decent life
 - He claims that, somehow, very soon, I will taste the fruit of my labor.
 - He tries to convince me that since I am ready,
 - And since I have nothing further to lose,
 - So chill out for a while, he says.
101. - I see where this guy is coming from.
- I am not blind yet.
 - Well, this is one of the things that this mate is not considering.
 - Y.E.T.
102. - He is right that I have nothing further to lose.
- But he is not right in thinking that my life can not go any worse.
103. - Given the bad luck I have,

- I am terrified that something happens that prevents me from the ability to commit suicide.
 - So, yes, I am not blind yet, but what if I become blind?
 - Should I risk becoming paralyzed while I am waiting for the messiah?
 - I am not afraid of death.
 - I am frightened of not being able to die.
104. - Given the inverse relationship between the investment in my human capital and my well-being,
- The future does not look promising at all.
 - Though, I agree with the distressing fact of the wasted human capital that has great potential benefits.
 - Benefits that are not for me. Woefully.
105. – Unfortunately, my reality keeps weakening the position of that pathetic good-hearted guy.
- This is why I always recall what Zorba once said to me,
 - “A man gotta do what a man gotta do.”
106. - Now, my fight with my inner demons is extended one more day.
- Will it be the last day?

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- Will I disconnect my brain next night?
- Will my substances extend the battle longer?
- I really do not know.
- No one knows.
- Not even God.
- For there is no one.
- And there is no God.

107. - Always remember:
- Hate never brings love; war never brings peace.
 - Cosmopolitanism is your goal.
 - Good luck!

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Östersund